

# The Oxford County Citizen.

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BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1924.

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## THE J. E. JONES LETTER

**HUGE TAX EVASIONS**  
The investigation of the United States Internal Revenue Bureau by a committee of the Senate, has disclosed the fact that the United States Steel Corporation is shy several million dollars on its tax obligations to the Government, and that there are many instances in which large corporations are owing hundreds of thousands of dollars to the Government. The greatest tax losses, according to a statement by Senator Couzens, are due to faulty administration of tax assessments against corporations. The Senate Committee has found many other cases where claims were allowed for amortization on war plants and equipment amounting to the entry of the United States into the war, and yet it was clearly provided by statutes that amortization was to be allowed only on war plants and war equipment which were purchased after we entered the war. Such methods of fleecing from the Government are indefensible. There seem to be more ways by which "slick ducks" can beat their taxes than there are methods provided for the collection of them. The evidence is all to the effect that the small taxpayers come across with their pro quid quo, but that a large number of those who have an opportunity to dodge their Uncle Sam to the tune of thousands and hundreds of thousands are too often eager to avail themselves of such an opportunity. The taxpayers committee has evidence to add weight to the old claim that figures do not lie but that liars do figure; and that the human conscience is frequently dull and corroded at income tax report time. A very valuable piece of work is undoubtedly under way which will help to place the distribution of taxes where it rightfully belongs.

**HOW DOES IT FIT IN?**  
The wise men of the nation have been trying to adjust the relations between capital and labor and the government for 10, these many years. Capital has found its place in the sun, and so has labor. Each in their separate spheres are dominant factors. Recently we have been having exhibit xyz of the Government's claim to have and to hold Muscle Shoals. But somehow there is a disturbing dissonance in the public mind concerning the ability of the Government to carry successfully on the operation of a great project like Muscle Shoals. The big plant has unlimited possibilities for public service in distributing power to industries and to cities, and in making fertilizer, and ammonium, etc.

Another instance in which the Government's position in affairs is in question relates to the future of the Railroad Labor Board. This is a Federal Board that tells railroad managers and employees what to do—and the latter in turn tell the Government that they will not do it.

Everybody admits that there are three parties to our industrial situation, made up of employers, employees and the public. The first two classes can usually bluff the public and no one has yet been able to say definitely how the Government fits in.

**SAMUEL GOMPERS**  
Samuel Gompers is dead. But his works will long live after him. A generation ago organized labor leaders were as much maligned as the colonists were when they tried to set up a free government in America. Mr. Gompers never did get all the people in the United States to agree with his policies, but he did secure recognition for the cause of union labor among thoughtful people. His life work was definitely cut out, and by fighting doggedly for his cause he succeeded in getting his countrymen to understand his purposes. The courage and patriotism of the man were unchallenged during the later days of his life.

After the war the opportunity was given to Samuel Gompers to trip around the world for the nation, but he declined the proposition made by the government and by the great organizing interests of the country. When the first decade of the nation was brought together to form this industrial nation the situation was not so favorable as the Gompers would not surrender the right of labor to strike. Upon that work the conference divided. Mr. Gompers fought vigorously like the Kansas Indian chief and the Hawaiian laborer. Based on the ground that they had a right to enforce their demands against union labor. He finally attacked the objection to labor disputes, and his words were as words when Attorney General Daugherty resorted to that procedure under the Harding Administration. He successfully resisted many of the efforts to overthrow his authority as President of the American Federation of Labor, and he drove his rivals into

## GRANGE NEWS

**BEAR RIVER GRANGE**  
Bear River Grange, Newry, met in regular session Saturday evening, Dec. 13, at 8 o'clock. W. M. in chair. Officers present: A. S. P. French, L. A. S. French, French. After reports of committees for year the first and second degrees were conferred on five candidates. Returned to new business and elected officers for the ensuing year as follows:  
Master E. E. Bennett.  
Overseer—Ernest Holt.  
Lecturer—Susan Wright.  
Steward—Arnold Eames.  
A. Steward—Roy Stearns.  
Chaplain—Nellie Chapman.  
Treasurer—C. P. Saunders.  
Secretary—L. E. Wright.  
Gate Keeper—Fred Wright.  
Cores—Minnie Bennett.  
Pomona—Nellie Holt.  
Flora—Frank Hastings.  
L. A. Steward—Florence Stearns.  
There was no literary program as the business took up the time. Refreshments of steamed clams, sandwiches, doughnuts, pie and coffee. There were thirty members present.

Next meeting the third and fourth degrees will be conferred, and the roll call for the program, each member to name their favorite weather sign.

## CHURCH ACTIVITIES

**CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH**  
Spring Street.  
Sunday School at 10:00 A. M.  
Sunday services at 10:45 A. M.

**UNIVERSALIST CHURCH**  
Rev. Stanley W. Manning is expected to occupy the pulpit on Dec. 29th. It is hoped that a good number will be present to hear the State Superintendent's New Year message. Some of the Christmas music will be repeated, including numbers by some of the young singers.

**METHODIST CHURCH**  
Chester B. Oliver, Minister.  
Public services Sunday:  
10:45 A. M. Divine worship and sermon.  
12:00 P. M. Church School.  
6:30 P. M. Epworth League.  
7:30 P. M. People's evening worship.  
7:30 P. M. Tuesday: (Family worship). Prayer meeting.

There will be special music on Sunday morning. The sermon subject is: "The Place of Prayer in Our Program."  
The Church School Board, now called "Church Workers' Conference," will meet Tuesday night at 8:15 or earlier. The entire evening will be set aside in the interest of the Church School, i.e., prayer meeting and business meeting. All officers, all teachers and all heads of organizations are included.

The Ladies' Aid will meet with Mrs. Kendall, the president, on Thursday at 2:30, Jan. 1, 1925.  
There will be a special program at the 7:30 hour of worship next Sunday night.

**CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH**  
Rev. R. T. Acheson, Minister.  
Wednesday evening, 8 o'clock: Parish supper, followed by the Christmas tree.  
Sunday, Dec. 28:  
10:45: Worship. The pastor will speak to boys and girls. Let families come and occupy pews together so far as this is possible.  
12:00: Church school.

Line or out of the councils of later lead. The labor leaders grew to believe implicitly in his wisdom and they often bowed humbly to his will. At least they knew that they could not successfully oppose him.

**LABOR'S POLICIES**  
The newspapers say that the Gompers policies will be continued. In a large measure that will probably happen. But it is a very doubtful proposition, which is the best minds of the nation have to these days have in agreement with Mr. Gompers about the "right" to strike. With the passing of Mr. Gompers it is more probable that industrial peace will become a reality in the States and in the Nation. If this should come it would not be a translation of the work of Mr. Gompers, but it would be a copy to a progressive step added to the program he created. That program should not have ended had it been based on the wisdom, courage and ability of that great American whose memory we all should reverently honor—Samuel Gompers.

**THE PORTAL ROW**  
The postal law proposition before Congress is bound to result in increased salaries for employees of the postal service. The publishers of the country are all anxious to hear the result of it.

## SCOUT NEWS

**Flying Eagles 517**  
New rulings among the Scouts of the village are as follows:  
(1) Every Scout must take one step ahead every two weeks or lose ten points given for attendance.  
(2) Scouts who are ill, at home for vacation or outside the village will be given one-half credit for attendance and full credit in dues.  
(3) A pin will be given to every boy who attains the regular rank, i.e., Tenderfoot, Second Class, First Class.

Next Monday evening is marked "Special". There will be music and games. The contest is just beginning. January 1 will find that "we have just begun to fight" for a wholesome contest. The final banquet will consist of Oyster Stew, Pickles, Crackers, Ice Cream.

## RELATIVE OF BETHEL MAN LOST AT SEA

Many Bethel people will be interested in the following article, taken from the Portland Evening Express of Monday, Dec. 22, as a cousin of L. L. Carver's was one of the men lost and his brother, Judson Carver was one of those who made an attempt at rescue:  
"Every hope that the two South Addison fishermen, who were adrift in a 64 mile gale off Great Whisk Island, Saturday night, and for whom four brave coast guardsmen nearly lost their lives in an attempted rescue, was abandoned this noon when the Coast Guard cutter Osprey tied up at the State pier after hours of unsuccessful search for the men. Covered from stem to stern with a thick coating of ice, the Osprey went through a day and night of peril in a gale that was accompanied by freezing cold. Her officers expressed the opinion this noon that if the boat had not been sent to the bottom by the mountainous seas it must have encountered the men were certainly frozen."  
The two fishermen were Irving Drake (Mr. Carver's cousin) and Neal Plummer who set out Saturday afternoon on a fishing trip in a 33 foot motor boat. Early Saturday night the coast guardsmen at the station on Great Whisk Island saw them hailing and fired and saved them from the station. Their motor stopped and although they tried desperately to get it working again their efforts were of no avail and they had to put back. Only after a hard fight were they able to reach shore again.

Word was then sent to the cutter Osprey here and that vessel got under way early Sunday morning. Hour after hour the cutter cruised about in the territory four miles southwest of the Moose Peak light. With thick weather it was impossible to find the little boat, with the added danger of rough seas. With the elements against them, and no immediate prospect of a change in the weather it is decidedly unlikely that the fishermen will ever be found. It is likely that the extreme cold froze them before their craft foundered."

**THE CHILD'S CHRISTMAS**  
To the night before Christmas,  
Now won't we have fun  
And the best thing about it  
The only reason  
Three up go our stockings  
Where the old kettle hangs  
To be filled to the top  
When the children come  
To the Christmas  
Just look at our filled stockings now  
And the fire with a glow  
Hanging down from each branch  
And the warmth and the love  
And the music and the light  
And the good and so many  
To be had

"Tis the day a night of Christmas  
And joy is complete  
For I have a book  
And a dolly so sweet  
You have some shoes  
And a chest full of toys  
And baby has blocks  
With a train of toy cars  
And we all have been happy  
In this room of light  
But now that we're tired,  
Good night all, good night.  
—Arlene Dean.

## CHRISTMAS SUNDAY PROGRAMS

**UNIVERSALIST CHURCH**  
The following program was given at the Universalist Church, Sunday morning, Dec. 21:

Voluntary  
Doxology  
Opening Sentences,  
Lord's Prayer by all  
Gloria  
Profession of Faith  
Hymn, Joy to the World  
Scripture Reading, Luke, 2nd Chapter 8-21,  
Evelyn Brinck  
Song, Christmas Bells,  
Psalm 98, read by Pearl Sampson  
Solo, Mrs. M. R. Hastings  
Scripture Reading, Matt. 2nd Chapter 1-16,  
Bitz-Hastings  
Recitation,  
Song, Hells of Christmas,  
Dorothy Edwards  
Junior Bennett  
Recitation,  
Song, John Treadwell, Milan and Charles  
Chapin  
Prayer,  
Song, Evelyn Brinck and Chorus  
Reading, The Harbor of Christmas  
Song, "Tis Christmas,  
Church Notices  
Offering  
Offering Service, We Carry Our Gifts to Him,  
Song, Our Gifts for the King, School  
Reading, Mrs. E. Vandenberg  
Song, Muriel and Marion Brinck  
Reading, Marjorie Farwell  
Solo, Eloise Vastaw  
Recitation, Eleanor Everett  
Song, O Song We Hear,  
Solo, Mr. Milton Chapin  
Hymn, It Came Upon the Midnight  
Clear  
Benediction  
Music, Organ

**CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH**  
Order of Christmas Sunday morning service at the Congregational Church, Bethel, Dec. 21:  
Organ Prelude  
Processional Hymn, "Hark the Herald Angels Sing"  
Call to Worship  
Doxology  
Invocation  
Our Lord's Prayer  
Chorus, "Hail Ye Belles,"  
Young People's Choir  
Responsive Reading  
Solo with violin obligato, "The Shepherd's Vision," Mrs. Pearl Brinck  
Scripture  
Solo, "O Holy Night," Mrs. Lyon  
Prayer  
Organ Response  
Ladies' Quartet, "Dreamy Light,"  
Mrs. Brinck, Mrs. Lyon, Mrs. Howe,  
Miss Brinck  
Notices  
Offering  
Hymn, "O Come All Ye Faithful"  
Sermon, The decree of Caesar Augustus and the World Power of Jesus  
Hymn, "O Little Town of Bethlehem"  
Benediction  
Organ Postlude

The following program was carried out in the evening:  
Processional  
Chorus  
Scripture  
Prayer  
Song,  
Hallelujah, Robert Chapman, Sheridan  
Chapman, Henry Hastings, Richard  
Marshall  
Recitation,  
Recitation,  
Song,  
Hallelujah,  
Dorothy Hastings' class of boys  
Song, Wilmer and Margaret Hall  
Raymond Tyler  
Recitation,  
Exercise, Virginia Chapman, Jane Bates  
Chandler, Billie, Florence, Paul  
Margaret Tibbets, Elizabeth Lyon,  
Julian Bennett  
Song, Catherine and Barbara Horner  
Lola Bartlett  
Recitation,  
Song, Katherine Lyon, Richard Howe  
Pamela LaBou  
Exercise, Alice Merrill, Bertha Goss  
Margaret Hall, Barbara Heath,  
Rebecca Howe, Jane Bates, Joyce  
Chapman, Pauline LaBou, Kathryn  
Brinck  
Chorus, Sisters  
Solo, Sister Chapman  
Recitation,  
Recitation,  
Song,  
Exercise, Catherine Lyon, Eleanor Lyon,  
Lucia Van, Wilmer Hall, Mary Tibbets  
Hallelujah, Katherine  
Song, Barbara Heath, Sylvia Merrill  
Exercise,  
Song, Mrs. Valentine's Class  
Hallelujah,  
Recitation,  
Solo, Mrs. Brinck, Pearl Brinck  
Recitation,  
Paul Chapman

## BETHEL AND VICINITY

We wish all our readers a Merry Christmas.

Miss Frances Carter is home from Portland to spend the Christmas vacation.

Miss Vivian Wright is home from Jackson College for the Christmas recess.

Mrs. Marshall Hastings and daughter, Ruth, are home from Auburn for the holidays.

Mr. Freddie Philbrick, a student at Bates College is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Gehring.

Miss Elsie Bartlett is the guest of her father, Mr. Edson Bartlett, and other relatives in town.

Mrs. E. F. Blisbee was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philbrick, at Turner the first of the week.

Miss Marion Frost is spending her vacation with her father, A. C. Frost, and sister, Miss Doris Frost.

Miss Gladys Sparrin of Lynn, Mass. is spending this week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Sparrin.

Mr. W. S. Wright, who has been ill for some time, is now taking treatments at Dr. Cobb's Hospital at Auburn.

Messrs. Charles Cross and G. N. Sanborn were in Gorham and Berlin, N. H., one day last week on business.

Prof. W. R. Chapman was in Portland over the week end. He directed the performance of The Messiah at City Hall, Sunday.

Mr. Ralph Berry has moved his family into the Charles Dean rent on the corner of Railroad and Mechanic Streets.

Mr. Glyndon Sawin is the holiday guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Sawin. Mr. Sawin is a student in the Massachusetts School of Pharmacy, Boston.

Prof. and Mrs. F. E. Hanson are entertaining their daughter, Margaret from Bates College, their sons Edward from Lynn, Mass., and Robert from Providence, R. I.

Miss Margaret Vandenberg, who is attending school in Boston, is spending the holiday recess with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Vandenberg.

Miss Esther Tyler, a teacher in Morse High School at Bethel, Me., and Mr. Louis Tyler, a student in Boston University, are spending their vacations with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Tyler.

Members G. L. Thurston and H. N. Bragden were in Colebrook, N. H., Thursday to see Mr. Cleve West, who was badly burned about the face by the explosion of a hollow crank shaft which he was welding.

The sheet storm of last week made sidewalks and roads slippery. Autos are still running with no trouble at all. Only about three inches of snow except for some places where it has drifted. The usual drift on Church Street opposite the residence of Dr. W. B. Treadwell has a good start.

Sunday morning was the coldest for the season, the thermometer going down to 6 to 25 below zero. With a high wind the day was extremely cold and many people found it hard to warm their houses, even though the fires were going full blast. Thermometers did not get much above the zero mark for the day. Monday morning thermometers were down to from 6 to 11 below and Tuesday morning was still colder with temperatures of from 6 to 25 below.

Bethel people who remember Alfred P. Ames will be pleased to hear of his promotion. Mr. Ames was graduated from Gould Academy and Bowdoin College and chose law as his profession. He has been employed in that capacity for a number of years by the Maryland Casualty Company with an office in Portland, Oregon. A few months ago he was made superintendent of all the offices of that company west of the Rocky Mts. with an office in San Francisco, Calif. Mr. Ames is a son of the late William Ames, and is a brother of Mrs. Walter Ames.

Friends of Miss Bernice Keniston will be interested to learn of her marriage to Mr. Louis Marsh of Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 20. Miss Keniston is the daughter of Mrs. Bertha Keniston of this town.

A very delightful Christmas entertainment was given in the William Bingham Gymnasium, Wednesday night, Dec. 17th. The entertainment consisted of the following program: Christmas Carols by the Glee Club; reading by Miss Virginia Gossow, violin solo by Miss Madeline Brinck; dance by Miss Lois Gossow; Christmas Carols by a group of girls; reading by Miss Dorothy Hastings; piano solo by Miss Virginia Lee; and a one act Christmas play entitled "Why the Chimney Rang."

## ANOTHER VICTORY FOR GOULD

On last Thursday night there were two games of basketball played in the William Bingham Gymnasium, which have not been equalled for some time in Bethel for clean, fast playing. The crowd was on its feet from start to finish. The Gould boys steadily ran up their score in spite of the excellent defense of Groveton. Captain Goldford led his team in points with Mundt second. R. Fluke edged one-half the points for Groveton by some very difficult shots.

In the girls game the Groveton girls led by a number of points in the first half but in the second Gould came back strong and the game ended in a tie score of 41 to 41. The tie was settled according to agreement made legally by the captains of both teams. The result was one point for Groveton made on a foul with a final score of 42 to 41 in favor of Groveton. The summary of the boys games:

	G	FG	PTS
Groveton	5	0	10
R. Fluke, Jr.	0	0	0
Martin, Jr.	0	0	0
Gray, Jr.	0	0	0
Meade, Jr.	2	0	4
Brann, Jr.	2	0	4
C. Fluke, Jr.	1	0	2
Styles, Jr.	0	0	0
Totals	10	0	20
Gould	6	FG	PTS
Thurston, Jr.	3	0	6
Chase, Jr.	1	0	2
Goddard, Jr.	7	2	16
Corkery, Jr.	2	0	4
Mundt, Jr.	3	0	10
Kiddier, Jr.	3	0	6
Holmes, Jr.	0	0	0
Keniston, Jr.	0	0	0
Totals	21	2	41

Referee, Fossell. Timers, Brasier and Russell. Time, four eights.

The grammar school closed Friday for a week's vacation.

Mr. E. C. Park was a business visitor in Portland, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Heath were in Lewiston, Saturday.

Miss Mae Taylor of Shelburne, N. H., is visiting in town.

Mr. Charles Cross spent the week end with relatives in Colebrook, N. H.

Mr. Clarence Philbrick is home from Norwich University for the holidays.

Mr. Eugene Van Den Kerkhoven was home from Portland over the week end.

Miss Mona Martyn is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Martyn.

The fall term of Gould Academy closed Thursday, Dec. 18, for a two weeks vacation.

Mr. Calvin Fox from Augusta is the guest of his brother, C. K. Fox, and family this week.

Mr. William Vandenberg is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Vandenberg.

Mrs. Bertha Keniston returned Tuesday from a short visit with relatives in Haverhill and Melrose, Mass.

A very enjoyable evening was spent at the meeting of the W. R. C., Thursday evening when the usual Christmas box was enjoyed.

A chimney fire at the Scott Robert-house Sunday morning gave Chief Engineer Harlow and W. C. Carey a busy session of about two hours.

On Friday evening of this week the annual election of officers of Mr. Abram Lodge, No. 21, I. O. O. F., will be held. A large attendance is desired.

Friends of Miss Bernice Keniston will be interested to learn of her marriage to Mr. Louis Marsh of Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 20. Miss Keniston is the daughter of Mrs. Bertha Keniston of this town.

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## THE NEW YEAR



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

1925

## Merry Christmas to All



## On the Bridge at Midnight

By Marion R. Reagan

(C. 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)



VERY New Year's Eve the old lady came. Hoskins had been watching her now for several years. Always about the same time, eleven or twelve, she would come and take her stand in the middle of the bridge looking expectantly down the river. As the "Amelia," an old barge engaged in the Indian trade and scheduled to arrive annually in London on January 1, pulled up the river, she became violently agitated. When it passed directly under her, she shouted loudly in a cracked, hoarse voice, and tossed a purse down to a certain sailor on the deck who greeted her with wild cheers. She would watch the old boat glide easily up the river till it was out of sight. Then quietly she turned toward the south and walked away.

Now Hoskins was a conscientious thief. It was not his policy to rob old women of their purses. The quiet old men of Hyde Park, and the young men, too, were his game. But lately there were too many in the business for any profit. And the newspapers were against him. Daily reminding their readers to beware of pick-pockets. People watched one more now and one had to be on one's guard at all times.

Reluctantly Hoskins forgot the old field of his activities and sought other prey. It was a hard year, however. What little he picked up from the Christmas shoppers he already gave to friends. He was facing the New Year almost penniless. Then he remembered the old lady and her fat purse. He despatched himself for thinking of it—he a man of principles—but starvation is starvation, and it was New Year's Eve. Tonight she would come.

He concealed himself in an old crevice in the masonry. It was a perfect hiding place. He could see and hear and not be seen by anyone. About midnight he heard the slow, heavy step of the old lady. She passed close by him and advanced a few yards. He emerged from his hiding place and followed. About to make a quick spring at her, she turned, and faced him. He composed himself with difficulty, tipped his hat and bid her happy New Year in a weak, strained voice.

"Oh, thank 'ee, sir; the same to you, sir."

"Fine weather we been 'avin'!"

"Fine, indeed. And fine for that boy of mine what's comin' in tonight from them 'ot 'eathen places." The old lady smiled. Hoskins edged a little closer to her.

"Ain't seen yer boy for some time?"

"Only from the bridge 'ere once a year. Ain't seen him to 'old in my arms since he was a lad o' twelve. The hoarse old voice trembled a little—I'm o' broke down. An' 'ard life for a lad, that, on them ships, and no 'ome, and no 'ard or life for me what's his lawful mother never to lay an arm on him in all these years." Here she broke into a heart-breaking sob. "It's a bad 'un I've been, sir—I couldn't let that lad o' mine see his mother was such a miserable old witch. I'd break his heart. I got together all I can in the world and gave it to him on his year for his 'oliday. It's the best I can do for 'im. Don't know who he thinks I am. He never trusted to find out. But—'By, 'ere, there," she sobbed suddenly.

The "Amelia" was streaming up the river. It was directly under them now and a little youth in uniform looked about eagerly on deck, signaling to the old woman on the bridge. She dropped the purse squarely into his hands.

"Tarry for 'er Majesty," called the youth, his gay voice continuing to sound merrily as the barge disappeared up the river.

Finally the old woman turned to Hoskins. "Good night, sir, and I'll bless you in the New Year," she said softly, and walked away. Hoskins stood motionless, gazing up the river after the small happy object that was the barge. There was a sentimental look in his eye, and a softness in the deep of his mouth. "God bless them," he breathed. "I would a been a bad way, that, to begin the New Year."

## A NEW YEAR VICTORY

By Katherine Edelman

(C. 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)



R. NORMAN TREVOIR wore a tender smile as he emerged from the Carter hospital. A dry, blinding snow was falling and the morning was bitterly cold, but there was a warm glow around his heart that made him insensible to the moment of cold and chill.

Within his soul he felt the thrill of victory, a victory won over the greatest enemy the world knows. For, once more his hand had helped to invert the sword of the grim resper—his skill and sureness of touch had brought back another soul from the brink. It had been an emergency call this time, a call that came just as the bells were tolling the birth of the New Year, with the chances 100 to 1 against winning the fight, but again science and skill had added another victory to its long list. George Hamilton would live; his family in the little cottage in Bower street would have him back with them before many days and, instead of mourning and sadness, there would be joy and happiness in the little home. "Thank God that I was able to do it," Doctor Trevor whispered to the skies as he got into his little car. "It seems like an omen of good to have this happen just as the year was born."

For this time he knew that he had won a double victory. For many years he had tried hard to interest the old and wealthy Mrs. Whitelaw in the building of a new hospital for cancer, to be operated along town and uptown lines. It was slowly worked in the town and it had been the dream of Doctor Trevor's life since he had come there. Several times he had thought that Mrs. Whitelaw was on the point of connecting, but always at the last she had fallen to on the old and ancient tradition that people were just mortal and got along just as well as they could before all these new fancies of these were known.

Then last night he came the call from the Hamilton home. For years the Hamilton family had been cursed by Mrs. Whitelaw as the only special protegee, and she had spent her whole fortune in looking after her this time. "They say the case is almost hopeless, that there is not the equipment in the old hospital to handle such a case and that it cannot be moved to the city. Doctor Trevor said there was a chance and you were the only one here that could take it. If you succeed, it means the new hospital within the year."

And as Doctor Trevor drove to his home this early New Year morning, the big building, with all its modern equipment for helping humanity, loomed before him already a dream building that would soon become a reality.

## A Prayer

By Rev. Alan Pringley Wilson

(Copyright 1924, WNU)

O LORD, we beseech Thee to grant that Jesus the Christ may dwell in our hearts through faith to the end that we, being rooted and grounded in love, may be strong to apprehend with all the saints what is the breadth and length and the height and the depth of the love of Christ.

Come into our hearts and lives and dominate our wills as we enter another New Year and grant that we may live all through this year in accordance with Thy divine plan for our lives.

This we ask in the Name and for the sake of our Savior, Jesus Christ. Amen.

## New Years Customs in Scotland

As in France, so in Scotland, New Years is the chief festival of the year. The eve of the day and the day itself are called "Duff Days" or crazy days. And the eve separated from the "duff" is called "Hogmanay." But what this means, no one seems to know. The application of the term is in a custom of children to enrobe themselves in a sheet and go the rounds of houses on New Year's eve, knocking at the doors and crying "Hogmanay." In response they always get an oat cake.

## Ho, Hum! Twelve Months Ahead



## A Load of Christmas

By Frank Herbert Sweet

(C. 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)



ALL sorts of things in a peculiar way—a peculiar way, though it affected his Christmas gifts, his business, even his friendships. But then he was a bachelor of fifty. Then, too, everybody had him, which is a very peculiar thing about a successful business man with competition, you'll admit.

This year Holcomb was very busy, and his Christmas gifts—general gifts, you know—hadn't even occurred to him until two days before the day.

He was passing through a new street between a restaurant and his office, when he saw a small shop with windows crammed with toys—nothing but toys. At this season, nearly the middle of the afternoon, a toy shop ought to be crowded with customers. This shop was closed. On the steps stood a small, anxious looking man, and a big one dragging a large key. It looked like a store key.

"Seemed peculiar," so Holcomb went to the steps.

"Like to look at the toys," he began.

"Can't now," boomed the big man. "This chap can't pay a bill, so I've taken it. Auction day after tomorrow, I'm sheriff."

"Meaning," said Holcomb, "that if the bill is paid, the store belongs to this man again? How much?"

"Of course—and \$200."

"What's it all worth?" to the little man.

"About \$50 if sold at auction," dolefully. "I picked a bum street. No business."

"What did you pay or agree to pay?"

"\$200."

"What will you sell for?"

"Can't sell until—" nodding toward the sheriff.

Holcomb counted out \$200, and passed it to the sheriff.

"Good-by," he said. "Now what do you ask?" to the small man.

"I'd rather like \$200, but will be glad to accept half that."

Holcomb counted out the \$100.

"Give me the key," to the sheriff.

"Thank you. Now where can I find two men to move the toys?"

"I'll be one," beamed the tiny cut of business. "I know about toys. And I can get another man from the next building."

"To do so and I'll bring round my car from the next corner."

Inside of an hour the shop was emptied and the Holcomb filled. Then Holcomb took the most curious of all the country roads, stopping at every house that showed signs of children.

"Hello," he would call to any small boy or girl he happened to see; "got some stuff for your home. Please take it in for me. I'm in a hurry. Give you a quarter."

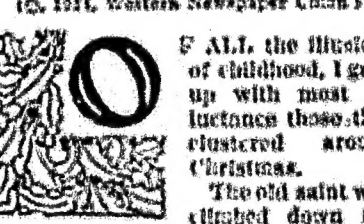
He had provided a pocket heavy with loose quarters.

There were about three hours of daylight. When the daylight was gone the car was empty. He was glad of the darkness, for he had to go back by the same road.

## Christmas Time

By THOMAS A. CLARK

(C. 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)



ALL the illusions of childhood, I gave up with most reluctance those that clustered around Christmas.

The old saint who climbed down the chimney into the fireplace in our living room and

filled our stockings on Christmas Eve was as real to me as Moses or George Washington or my grandfather or any other person of whom I had heard but whom I had never personally met. He is to me real today when I am in remembrance of the past, perhaps because I have always wanted him to be real. Long after I recognized all the subtleties which were being practiced on me as a child at Christmas time, I never admitted them even to myself, for I was quite willing to submit to the deceptions; I was made happy by all the ceremonies and surprises.

I have never in all my life been away from home at Christmas time; I hope I never shall be. Christmas joys are for me the most delightful; Christmas memories, the most precious. Everything about our holiday preparations at home was of the simplest

character, but the season was full of possibilities and surprises. The dinner lacked the conventional roast turkey. Instead there was a roast goose or a huge joint of roast beef (following the English custom with which my mother was familiar) with sweet dumplings and gravy. There was always, too, a loaf of spiced bread and plum pudding with a delightful sauce of drawn butter, and there was mince pie followed with nuts and raisins and other goodies.

Just as "home" always suggests to me sugar cookies, hot from the oven, with mother waiting me not to eat so many as to make myself sick, so Christmas invariably brings to my mind the thought of raisins. They were in the spiced bread which mother made, the plum pudding was congested with them. I found them always as Christmas merriment in my stockings with other good things to eat, and there was regularly on Christmas day a dish of them on the table to be eaten after dinner. It was not altogether what was best to eat that gave Christmas such a high place in my regard, though that helped materially, no doubt. It was the mystery, the anticipation, the preparation and the surprise of it all; the gathering together of all the family, the games, the roaring fire in the fireplace, and the general hilarity and good will prevailing that made Christmas for me the best level of all the holidays of the entire year.

"We are rather outgrowing Christ-

mas," a friend said to me a few days ago. "I don't believe it is ever going to be for any one again just as it used to be."

I suppose not; though there are some events connected with the celebration of Christmas, there is the real Christmas which I am sure I shall never outgrow. If I should hang up my stockings by the fireplace now, I feel just as sure as I ever did that old Saint Nick would get in some way before morning and fill it as he used to do when I was a child. My faith in Christmas has never waned, and my need for it, I practice economy badly at any time, but with the greatest illiteracy at Christmas time, and especially since the prices of my own particular varieties of frankincense and myrrh have been so affected by the economic conditions. It is what is in our hearts that makes Christmas real. The song of

the angels is in the air if the Christmas spirit is in our hearts. Christmas is as great a reality as it ever was, if we will make it so, and for us all the angels are again proclaiming as they did that night in Palestine, centuries ago, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

I shall hang up my stockings at Christmas Eve, there will be raisins in it in the morning. I have faith that the old Christmas joys will be mine once more.

"Fine weather we been 'avin'!"

"Fine, indeed. And fine for that boy of mine what's comin' in tonight from them 'ot 'eathen places." The old lady smiled. Hoskins edged a little closer to her.

"Ain't seen yer boy for some time?"

"Only from the bridge 'ere once a year. Ain't seen him to 'old in my arms since he was a lad o' twelve. The hoarse old voice trembled a little—I'm o' broke down. An' 'ard life for a lad, that, on them ships, and no 'ome, and no 'ard or life for me what's his lawful mother never to lay an arm on him in all these years." Here she broke into a heart-breaking sob. "It's a bad 'un I've been, sir—I couldn't let that lad o' mine see his mother was such a miserable old witch. I'd break his heart. I got together all I can in the world and gave it to him on his year for his 'oliday. It's the best I can do for 'im. Don't know who he thinks I am. He never trusted to find out. But—'By, 'ere, there," she sobbed suddenly.

The "Amelia" was streaming up the river. It was directly under them now and a little youth in uniform looked about eagerly on deck, signaling to the old woman on the bridge. She dropped the purse squarely into his hands.

"Tarry for 'er Majesty," called the youth, his gay voice continuing to sound merrily as the barge disappeared up the river.

Finally the old woman turned to Hoskins. "Good night, sir, and I'll bless you in the New Year," she said softly, and walked away. Hoskins stood motionless, gazing up the river after the small happy object that was the barge. There was a sentimental look in his eye, and a softness in the deep of his mouth. "God bless them," he breathed. "I would a been a bad way, that, to begin the New Year."

## Santa's the Goodest Man





















